

This was the field of which great results were expected, but were not forthcoming at dark of evening, when the contest of arms closed for the day and forever on that field.

The battle was on the Federal side of the Potomac. In fact, at no time was an entire corps of the great Army of the Potomac thrown against the enemy. The Fifth Corps, fully 12,000 strong, was held in reserve behind Antietam Creek, a little to the left of center; Burnside's Ninth Corps on the extreme left holding the approach to the bridge since named for him.



GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

That it was evident the rebel center was weak was proven by the fact that Capt. Dryer, 4th U. S., had ridden into the enemy's lines at Sharpsburg, and upon returning had reported there were but one Confederate battery and two regiments of infantry in front of Sharpsburg, connecting the wings of Lee's army. Dryer was one of the

COOLEST AND BRAVEST

of officers in our service.

Porter and McClellan were informed of what Capt. Dryer had seen, and on McClellan being inclined to forward the now small number of the Fifth Corps in reserve, at this time but 4,000 men, Fitz-John Porter said:

"Remember, General, I command the last reserve of the last army of the Republic."

It is needless to say the contemplated move was not executed. Some of us of that field knew of our own observation from the position at the sunken road at the edge of the cornfield that the rebels were weak at that point, and that if prompt orders had been given the Regular regiments then and there engaging the enemy, that his center could be broken, and that by then advancing the reserve of the Fifth Corps in support from the center, and bringing up the Ninth from the left against the rebel right, a different Antietam would be on record to-day, and a drawn battle would not have been the result.

Lee withdrew at his leisure the following day, and no effort was made by McClellan to

STAY HIS PROGRESS

in crossing the broad Potomac.

It was 8 a. m. of the 19th before any effort was made to cross the river in pursuit of Lee, and when the Fifth Corps did cross that morning, not a cavalry-



GEN. FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

man nor piece of artillery accompanied the three infantry divisions, not even Gen. Porter himself. Not long after planting our feet once more on Virginia's shores, we discovered, while marching inward from the river, through a deep cut, that the rebels in strong force had lined themselves up on either side of this deep cut, determined that as soon as the Federal troops got well past them they would rise up, fall on our rear, and make the entire Fifth Corps prisoners. But the enemy was discovered by Lovell and Warren in time to frustrate his designs. A halt was made, line-of-battle immediately formed, and falling back on the river with rebel artillery and infantry peppering us, we effected the crossing of the stream a second time within an hour. As we approached the river in our retreat our artillery

CAME TO THE RESCUE

on the hill on the opposite side, and by immediately opening on the enemy over our heads, compelled him to be more careful in following us up. While fording the river the corps lost some men in



GEN. A. E. BURNSIDE.

killed and wounded, all of whom were mostly lost by drowning after being struck by the enemy's bullets. A new regiment (the Corn Exchange of Philadelphia) having crossed over after the Fifth Corps to the Virginia side, and moving off to the right along the right bank of the Potomac, was captured entire by the rebels. A move on the part of McClellan to again cross the Potomac was not made till the latter

part of October, at which time Lee was well up the Valley toward Winchester and over to the southeast toward Manassas. The crossing of the Potomac was made at Harper's Ferry, and the line of march southward taken up along the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. To watch the movements of Lee the Army of the Potomac was by divisions and brigades stationed at the many gaps in these mountains for as much as a week and without any shelter was compelled to weather out the bleak winds of early November. Snow caught the army at New Baltimore but a few days before McClellan was relieved by Burnside, which left it in rather a bad plight for the new commander.

That McClellan should allow Lee to get away from him at Antietam was the astonishment of the Army of the Potomac, which, under Little Mac, had been so often foiled by Lee. But it would seem that Fitz-John Porter held a controlling power over the commander of the Army of the Potomac; as, for instance, witness his refusal to send forward his 4,000 of reserves at center when Capt. Dryer's report reached McClellan, and was about to order the move to be made. Herein we have something of the same generalship as was enacted by Gen. Porter toward Gen. Pope on the field of Groveton on the 29th day of the August previous.

Making Himself Agreeable.

The happy father was exhibiting his first-born to a friend possessing pictorial proclivities.

"How much does it weigh," inquired the victim, after desperately casting about for something more complimentary to say.

"Seven pounds, and two ounces," replied the father.

"Dressed—er I mean stripped," asked the friend anxiously.

"Of course," the surprised father answered.

"Well," began the friend, doubtfully, "that isn't very much for a baby, is it? But—er—er—er," brightening up, "it would be a good deal for a trout."

The Course of True Love.

Romeo Rosenstien—Suppose we go on our wedding trip to Milwaukee?

Juliet Jacobs—You should go to Milwaukee.

Romeo Rosenstien—It is the furthest place I could get a pass for.

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

(Unknown.)

I remember a voice which once guided my way

When, lost on the sea, fog-enveloped I lay;

'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore.

It sounded out clear o'er the dark billows' roar—

"Come this way, my father! steer straight for me!"

Here, safe on the shore, I am waiting for thee!

I remember that voice 'midst rocks and through breakers

And high dashing spray; how sweet to my heart

Did it sound from the shore, as it echoed out clear

O'er the dark billows' roar, "Come this way, my father!"

Steer straight for me; here safe on the shore

I am waiting for thee!

I remember my joy when I held in my breast

The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest;

For the tones of my child—"I called you, dear father."

And knew you would hear the voice of your darling

Far o'er the dark sea, while safe on the shore

I was waiting for thee!

That voice is now hushed which then guided my way.

The form I then pressed is now mingled with clay;

But the tones of my child still sound in my ear—"I am calling you, father! O, can you not hear

The voice of your darling as you toss on life's sea? For on the bright shore I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice; in many a lone hour

It speaks to my heart, with fresh beauty and power.

And still echoes far o'er life's troubled waves

And sounds from loved lips that lie in the grave—"Come this way, my father! O, steer straight for me!"

Here safely in Heaven I am waiting for thee."

H. E. DANIELS, Scarborough, Me.

Made Calm at Last.

(Harper's Magazine.)

A lawyer noted for his success on cross-examination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of tin roofing. The answer was: "I have worked at it off and on, but have worked at it steadily for the past 12 years."

"How long off and on have you worked at it?"

"Sixty-five years."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-five."

"Then you have been a tin roofer from birth?"

"No sir; of course I haven't."

"Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade 65 years?"

"Because you asked how long off and on I had worked at it. I have worked at it off and on 65 years—20 years on and 45 years off."

Here there was a roar in the courtroom, and the expense of the witness, and his inquisitor hurriedly finished his examination in great confusion.

Lincoln's Shrewd Rejoinder.

Nonh Brooks in his article on Lincoln in The Century says: But among the various incidents of the conference the most probably longest remembered that recorded by Alexander H. Stephens, one of the three Commissioners, who, after writing of the event, said that Mr. Hunter made a long reply to the President's refusal to recognize another government instead of that of which he alone was President by receiving Ambassadors to treat for peace. Mr. Hunter, says Stephens, "referred to the correspondence between King Charles I. and his Parliament as a trustworthy precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then took that indescribable expression which generally precedes his hardest hits, and he remarked: 'Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I do not pretend to be high. My only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head.' That settled Mr. Hunter for a while."

First Foreign Salute to Our Flag.

Molly Elliot Seavell in an article on Paul Jones in the April Century says: In Quiberon Bay there was a great French fleet under the command of Admiral La Motte-Picquet, and from him Paul Jones obtained what he claimed to be the first foreign salute ever given the American flag. It is true that the Governor of one of the Dutch West India Islands had got in trouble the year before for saluting the American flag, but La Motte-Picquet's was undoubtedly the first distinct and unequalled salute. It was not obtained without some address as well as boldness on Paul Jones's part, as the alliance between France and the United States was not then signed; but when the French Admiral agreed to salute, he did it courteously, paying the compliment of having his guns already manned when Paul Jones sailed through the fleet.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A FINE HEAD OF HAIR.

The Story of a Beautiful Polish Spy.

TRANSLATED BY E. C. WAGGENER.

EDWIGA, COUNTESS OF WASILEWSKI, was a beautiful Polish girl, with a patriotic love for her own country.

Her father had been sent to Siberia by the Russian Government for writing a powerful pamphlet upon the wrongs of Poland. Her mother, left alone and desolate, endeavored to bring up her children with a wholesome dread of revolutionary projects; and Halina, her eldest daughter, as gentle as she was beautiful, was acknowledged by all to be absolutely innocent of any association with patriotic schemes for the deliverance of her country.

Edwiga, however, was made of different metal; perhaps her father's blood ran more strongly in her veins, for from her earliest youth Polish literature, Polish songs, Polish patriotic excited her passionate enthusiasm.

The Countess of Wasilewski and her two daughters were passing the winter in Warsaw when a letter arrived one morning from an influential friend at the Russian Court to say if they would come immediately to St. Petersburg he could arrange an interview with the Czar, when she could plead for the return of her husband, and there was little doubt that the petition would be granted under certain reasonable conditions.

The Countess, overjoyed at the prospect of the Count's return, at once gave a reception to her friends before leaving Warsaw.

The large apartments, brilliantly illuminated, quickly filled with bright and animated guests. One specially handsome young man sought out Edwiga from the first with ardent admiration shining in his dark eyes.

At last he found a long desired opportunity of speaking to her alone. He noticed that a small room leading out of the salon was deserted, everyone having clustered around the piano in the large apartment, and without delay, he led her into it.

"And so, Edwiga, you are going to St. Petersburg?"

"Yes," she answered; "the day after tomorrow."

"And when do you return?"

"I cannot say, but I hope as soon as possible, for I hate to go. I hate to leave my own dear, beautiful country to go to Russia. I hate to think we are to be cringed before the oppressor of our race. Even to obtain the release of my father, I would not so hate myself if I were a freeman—I, one of the last of the race of the Wasilewskis!" and her blue eyes flashed fire, while she clenched her hands nervously.

Andre watched her admiringly, then his face changed, and a quick look came over it. He glanced anxiously around him, then, laying his hand on hers, he whispered:

"Edwiga, do you really love Poland? Then will you do something to help on the cause? Hush! People are coming! We must do nothing to excite suspicion. Come, look at these photographs. There, they have passed! Edwiga, can you think of some way in which you can conceal a paper and carry it to St. Petersburg? Can you do this for your country?"

"I can and will; come and see us to-morrow at 4 o'clock, and I will find an opportunity of speaking to you alone. This is a good photograph of her like you, she continued, aloud; but we have been looking at them long enough. We must join the others in the music room."

The guests had all left, and the lights were out in every apartment but one, and there sat Edwiga, deep in thought.

"They are sure to search us, she murmured to herself. 'Where, oh, where shall I hide the paper which Andre will give me?'

Suddenly her eyes lit up. "Yes, that will do!" she cried aloud. Then she undressed, combed out her long, magnificent hair and was soon fast asleep.

The next day Andre was to come, and all the afternoon the girl waited about with frightful anxiety, lest she should fail in obtaining a few minutes alone with him.

On his arrival he was shown into the room where her mother and sister were seated, and all hope of a private interview seemed at an end. Edwiga was distracted. At last, in desperation, she walked to the end of the long salon, stumbled, gave a little cry, and fell.

Andre rushed, as she expected, to her assistance.

"It's nothing," she called to her mother; "I have only twisted my ankle." Then in a whisper: "Quick, give me the paper! I can do it."

"You will guard it?"

"With my life!" And she thrust the roll into the front of her dress.

"It is not like you, my daughter, to be so careless!"

The next day they started on their journey, wrapped in furs from head to foot, and traveled comfortably till they arrived at a station about 10 miles from St. Petersburg, where they had to wait an hour.

A young and good-looking Russian officer came up to their carriage, saying that he was too distressed, but that he was compelled to carry out most painful orders which he had received from headquarters.

The fact was that the Government had received information from Warsaw that a dangerous paper was now on its way to St. Petersburg, and that it was his most disagreeable duty to cause them to be searched.

"And do you suppose, young man," said the Countess, sternly, "that I, on my way to create a bomb from the bottom of my trunk, would choose this occasion to be the bearer of a paper which, if found in my possession, would ruin all my hopes and cause me to be forever separated from my husband? Do you think it is likely?"

The young officer bowed and remained silent, but fixed his keen eyes on Edwiga's face.

The supreme moment had arrived, and all the girl's courage came to her rescue. Her eyes met those of the young officer with quiet disdain. "Till now she had started at every word, but now she was so calm that she had been so rash as to undertake such a mission at such a moment, but now she was the first to take the initiative.

"Come, dear mother," she said calmly. "I am sure this gentleman will do the best he can to make this last act a little odious as possible. We must not, dear mother, complain, and we have nothing to fear."

The three ladies were conducted into a private office, where a female searcher awaited them.

The Countess, then Halina, were subjected to a merely formal examination; but when it came to Edwiga's turn the woman allowed no article of her dress to pass unnoted, even to unfastening the lining of her shoes and closely scrutinizing each fold of her gown.

"I cannot understand why she is so much more particular with you," said Halina, impatiently; but Edwiga understood—some one must have overheard her tete-a-tete with Andre, and hence this careful search. Just as she finished dressing, the woman said, civilly:

"Will you kindly take down your hair? I regret giving you the trouble, but it is an important part of my duty."

"Certainly," said Edwiga, courteously; "it is only done up with two large pins."

And a moment the rain of thick gold fell down her back. As it dropped she thought she heard distinctly the paper rustle, but, without moving a muscle of her face, she took one of the long tortoise-shell pins and handed it to the woman.

"You can see for yourself," she said, as she passed the other through her hair.

"There is no need," the woman answered. "I am quite satisfied. And now, ladies, you

must make haste, as the train will start immediately."

Edwiga walked, leaving her hair streaming behind her, and was met at the door by the young officer, who said to her in the train, with numerous apologies:

Just as Edwiga was stepping into the carriage he bent forward to assist her, and a piece of her hair caught on one of the buttons of his coat. He stooped and disentangled it slowly.

"Forgive me again," he murmured; "but it is a pleasure to touch such hair as this."

Edwiga bowed; her voice had deserted her.

Five minutes after they steamed out of the station, for the only time in her life, Edwiga faintly.

Arrived at St. Petersburg, one of the first men that she met in the hotel gave her the password that was written for her, instructions on the cover of the packet; he was a tutor in an English family resident in St. Petersburg.

Prepare for Spring

If you were about to journey to a warmer or colder climate, you would make careful preparations. You would take a supply of warmer or cooler clothing, as the case might be, you would thoughtfully select a stock of medicines as safeguards to keep you in good health.

Purify Your Blood

Now we are all about to change to a warmer climate, though not of our own volition, and what is more reasonable than to take a reliable medicine to resist the debilitating effects of higher temperatures?

Hood's Sarsaparilla

from the blood the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, increase the appetite and improve the digestion, drives away that tired feeling and nervousness, and gives the strength and vigor without which we cannot appreciate beautiful Spring. It is

The Spring Medicine

And the Best Blood Purifier.

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Edwiga flew to her room. A pair of scissors quickly disclosed the packet; she thrust it into her dress, and in five minutes it was in the possession of the young Polish tutor.

"What have you been doing?" cried Halina, coming into the room; "cutting off your hair? And such a quantity, too!"

"Never mind, darling; I am happy now. I have been so long in the country, and now it is quite gone. I know I have been irritable and disagreeable the last few days, but it is all over now," and she threw her arms around her sister's neck.

"But your beautiful hair, dear?"

"Oh, never mind that!" and, opening the door of the store, Edwiga threw in the thick tail and let it burn.

Thus the paper safely reached its destination, and the object of their journey, too, was successful. The Count was allowed, by the clemency of the Czar, to return to Poland with his wife and daughters, and it was a happy day when they regained their own home and were welcomed by their friends.

"Edwiga was radiant. Andre came at once to congratulate them on the release of the Count; and in the Countess's little sitting-room they found a quiet corner in which to talk.

"O, Edwiga, my darling, I have been so miserable while you were away! I hardly closed my eyes. I cursed myself again and again for having placed you in such a position of danger. Had anything happened to you I had made up my mind to get myself arrested and sent into exile. Can you forgive me, Edwiga? I was thoughtless, mad! I ought to have thought of you first."

"Not before your country, Andre."

"Yes, before everything? But now, my own, you will be my wife, and then I shall learn better how to take care of you," and Andre clasped her in his arms.

"Yes, I will marry you, with my father's consent, Andre."

IV.

The consent was easily gained, the date of the marriage fixed, and the wedding tressau was in preparation, when one day the Count, with a very serious expression on his face, called Edwiga to his study.

"My dear child," he said, "I have just had a visit from an English friend of mine. His wife wants a companion to accompany her back to England. Will you go with her?"

"Papa, I am to be married next week. What can you mean?" the girl exclaimed.

"Are you mad?"

"Tush!" he answered. "Look at this," and he put a letter into her hand.

It ran thus:

FROM A FRIEND: Your daughter is to be apprehended for concealing and carrying a seditious paper to St. Petersburg two months ago. If she will come to know who sent her this warning, let it be the Russian officer who keeps a place of golden hair always next his heart. She will understand.

Edwiga read and understood.

"And must I go, father?"

"Are you innocent? And if so, my poor child, can you prove it?"

"No, I cannot. I must fly," she said, with

an exclamation.

"ARE YOU INNOCENT?"

a heart-breaking sob; "but, oh, my poor Andre!"

"He must wait."

"Ah, you know what waiting for a pardon means in this country," and she fell, fainting into her father's arms."

Edwiga in her exile—when her body lived but her soul felt dead—heard that on the very day of her departure for England Andre was arrested and sent to Siberia.

She still waited for him, but she knows she will never see him again but through the gates of death.

Wanted to Die Rich.

(Harper's Young People.)

Many years ago, according to one of the yarns of the sea told by mariners who claimed to have been present, a British ship having on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars for a house in Rio Janeiro was wrecked on the Brazilian coast. Hoping to save some of his precious cargo the Captain ordered some of the cash to be thrown overboard, and the vessel was so badly wrecked by the continuous pounding on the rocks that it was soon found necessary to take to the boats without any of the treasure. As the last boat was about to leave the ill-fated craft, one of the officers, to make sure that no one was left on board, went back to make a last tour of the ship. To his surprise, sitting beside one of the cashes with a hatchet in his hand, he found one of the sailors.

"Hurry up!" cried the officer. "We come within an ace of going off without you."

"I'm not going," replied the sailor, giving the cash a hearty whack over his shoulder, and bursting it open, and laughing with delight as the coin poured out around him. "I've always wanted to die rich. I've been poor all my life, and this is my first and last chance. Go ahead. I'll stay here with my fortune."

Argue as he might, the officer could not persuade the fellow to leave the gold with which he played as a child with marbles, and he finally had to leave him in his fate.

Death of Paul Jones.

On July 18, in the afternoon, seeing he was fast failing, Governor Morris induced him to draw up his will. It is a simple document in which he divides his property between his sisters, and names Robert Morris as his sole executor.

He was then able to get up in an arm-chair, and his friends left him to have the will copied into French. They returned at eight o'clock, and witnessed it, after which Paul Jones returned to his bedroom. Presently came the Queen's physician. They all went into the room, and there on the bed, face downward, lay Paul Jones. The great captain was no more. "In peace, after so many storms; in honor, after so much obloquy."

Two days later he was buried. The National Assembly resolved in its proceedings to send a deputation of 12 members to honor the memory of Paul Jones, Admiral of the United States of America, a man who has well served the cause of liberty.

In the funeral discourse over him it was said: "The fame of the brave outlives him; his portion is immortality."

So long as ships sail the sea will be the name of Paul Jones be respected. His country owes him a great debt; for he truly said, "I have ever looked out for the Honor of the American Flag." And it may be said of him, as of the great Condé: "This man was born a captain."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands an East India missionary the formula of a simple remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Throat, and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested his wonderful cure in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, the full and complete directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, enclosing a stamp for postage, to W. A. MARKS, 20 FORT ST., BOSTON, N. Y.

Shaving Set to Music.

(Philadelphia Call.)

The latest thing in barber shops is a musical box which the boss of the establishment regulates to suit the time.

On Monday, for instance, he keeps the machine up to light opera airs just fast enough to keep his assistants shaving customers at a nice, steady gait.

Tuesday being a quiet day in the barber business, "Home, Sweet Home" and "You'll Remember Me" are good enough.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the barber confines the musical box to popular selections of a rather lively nature.